THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

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MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

TERMS.

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SELECTED TALES.

DEAF UNCLE JEFFRY AND THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

(*Continued.*)

Mamma, they would be such a nice couple. Our deaf uncle Jeff, and little minikin finikin Fanny Carr. Such an overgrown giant and such an undergrown doll. It's of no use blushing so, Fanny Carr—you make uncle Jeff look at you, your face is so on fire.—He'll wonder what in the world you are blushing so about. Don't you see how he is staring?'

Little Fanny Carr lifted up her eyes and saw those of their formidable visitors fixed full upon her face, whereupon she rose from her seat and got out of the room as quickly as possible.

'Pray who is the little thing?' asked uncle Jeffrey of Mrs. Pokenham, as they were left together in the evening—'pray who is that little thing who has just gone out of the room?'

'Do you mean Fanny Carr? O, she is a little creature that has seen better days, and we let her here because my feelings won't let me send her away. She is so happy, and so attached to us, poor thing, and she just makes herself useful by doing any trifle that falls in her way. She keeps the keys of the store room, and the tea caddy, and the wine cellar, and the beer, and the cellaret, and she fills up the time with sewing for the girls, and she has the care of the linen, and she makes all the pastry, and she does the preserves—but what I most prize Fanny Carr for is, that she is such a good nurse—she nursed the children through all their maladies, and never left them when we had the scarlet fever—every body said that she would catch it, but she never did, though she was with them day and night. Yes, Fanny Carr is a most excellent nurse.'

'So she is your housekeeper, and your cook, and your plain sewer, and your nurse!'

'O no, uncle, I don't give her any wages.'

'A servant without wages?'

'Uncle, I see you don't like to have Fanny Carr sitting at the same table with you. I am sure I beg your pardon, but I did not think of it. I don't much think that she would like to eat with the servants, but I'll see. At all events, I can send her dinner up to her own room.'

'Let the little thing stay,' said uncle Jeff.

'But, my dear uncle, I confess it was very thoughtless of me to seat her at the same table with you, and I can very well make her go.'

'Then I shall go too!' said deaf uncle Jeff.

Mrs. Pokenham of course immediately withdrew her proffer. She could only regret that she had been so inadvertent as to place her highly respectable, and highly-endowed, and fortunately rich uncle Jeffrey, at the same table with a poor little minikin old maid. Fanny Barr was still tolerated, and uncle Jeffrey seemed so far to overcome his aversion to her as to permit various offices which she was constantly performing for him in her character of general usefulness. She arranged the cushions in his easy chair—for, after the first fit of sullenness, uncle Jeffery permitted himself to be installed into its comfortableness—she fetched him his slippers, and reached him his footstool, and got him his footstool. and got him the newspapers, and handed him his hat and stick, when he he went out, and took them from him when he came in, and always met him with a smile, and some way or another, deaf uncle Jeff cou'd hear Fanny Carr's gentle voice almost without the help of his ear horn, better than he could understand other people with it.

'I wish I had deaf uncle Jeff's money,' said Master Daniel. He has not the heart to do anything with it but keep it to get moth-eaten and rusty.'

'There he is under the window,' said Humphrey.

'No matter what one says, he can't hear us. It is such fun to look him in the face and hoax him—telling him what an old curmudgeon he is, and all the while making him think that you are paying the greatest compliments. Mamma does that in fine style. Now I'll show you her honey, milk, and sugar way.'

And so saying, Master Daniel walked up to his deaf uncle Jeff, and with an insinuating look and a soft smile, said, 'It gives me the greatest pleasure to assure you that think you have not sense enough to enjoy your life or your money.'

'Hey? What do you say?' said deaf uncle Jeff applying his ear horn.

'O fie! exclaimed the little old maid, turning very red--how can you mock his infirmities in that manner?'

'I'll tell you what,' said Master Daniel, turning sharply round upon the poor dependent—'I'll tell you what—mamma ordered you to make the amiable to old deaf uncle Jeff here for our sake, but she begins to think you are doing it for your own.'

'O Master Daniel!' exclaimed Fanny Carr, 'you know that I try to be kind to every body—indeed I ough', for I feel what it is to wish for kindness myself—and when I see how you all play upon this poor gentleman, because he happens to be deaf, I can't help feeling the more pitiful over him—but it would be just the same if he were poor.'

'Hey? hey? What does she say?' asked uncle Jeffery.

'She says that she is quite exhausted with the trouble of speaking to you, sir—you are so deaf.'

'O Daniel!' exclaimed Fanny Carr, with the tears in her eyes—'how can you so misrepresent me?'

'Hey? hey? What does she say?' asked uncle Jeffery,

She says sir, that she is quite worn out with the trouble of shouting and running errands.'

'O Daniel!' exclaimed the little old maid.

'And she says if you don't go away very soon, she must. But mamma is very angry with her for grambling, and I shouldn't wonder if she were to show her the way to the door.'

The little old maid burst into tears.

'Hey? hey? What's all this? ejaculated the deaf gentleman.

'O mamma, you are here, and it's high time, said Master Daniel, as Mrs. Pokenham entered. 'If I had not been here to meddle, Fanny Carr was managing deaf uncle Jeff in fine style;'

'Fanny Carr, said Mrs. Pokenham, your conduct has been more and more extraordinary every day.'

'What have I done?' exclaimed the little old maid.

'You have been trying to manage my poor silly uncle—that has been plain enough in my eyes for a long time.—You tattle after him, and go about fetching, and carrying, and coaxing, and looking like a lamb, and you know that you have your own private ends in it all.'

'What ends can I have? exclaimed the little old maid.

'Why, Miss Carr, if I must speak the plain truth—and I am a plain spoken person, you know, not much given to flattery—I must, say, that I see clearly enough what you are aiming at. When one party is foolish, and the other is artful, it does not need much discernment to see what is in the wind.'

'What do you mean, ma'am!' exclaimed the little old maid in an agony.

'Why, I mean, Miss Carr, just this—you see that my uncle is a silly old man, and rich, and you being clever and poor you think that you may be able to catch him in a match. You think that it would be a better thing to be Mrs. Jeffery, and keep your carriage, than even to live the idle life which you are now doing.'

'The idle life which I now lead?' exclaimed the little old maid. 'I who toil in labours which have no end through all the weary days, without either thanks or wages—and now be accused of this!'

'You see that my uncle is a fool, and you think that you can juggle him into marrying you. But I tell you once more that I will not stand by and see such things done in my house—so just have the goodness to tie up your things, and take your departure in half an hour—and very glad shall I be when you are fairly gone, for I see how artful you are and there is no knowing where the mischief may end.'

Fanny Carr burst into an agony of tears.

'Mr. Jeffery is not the weak man you think him, but clear-headed and strong-minded enough to detect me, if I were the artful creature you accuse me of being. But I will go. I will not stay to be accused of eating the bread of idleness, or practising subterfuges—no, I will go and beg my bread rather than that!—any thing is better than that—only, only, don't laugh at him any more, poor gentleman, for if he were to find it out he would feel it, for he is not so simple as you think him, dear, poor gentleman.

'Hey! hey? what does she say! asked uncle Jeff.

'Oh, my dear uncle Jeffery, don't mind her. She is an ungrateful creature, after all the kindness which we have shown her, to be weary of paying you the few little attentions which I had enjoined upon her. But my dear uncle, I have sent her away. Nobody shall slight you in my house, so I have sent her away.'

'Humph!' said deaf uncle Jeff.

The little old maid's eyes were drowned with tears—whatever poets may say in rhyme of the superlativeness of the beauty of bloodshot orbs, and their red curtains, and all that, we have always been accustomed to consider those sort of beings amazingly unbecoming. But it happened that our little heroine forgot to consult her looking glass upon the occasion, and consequently her eyes become somewhat like the red sea The poor little body, however, proceeded as expeditiously as might be to lay her scanty wardrobe as straightly as possible in a wooden box, which was both small enough and large enough, to collect her needles and her knitting, a few letters, carefully tied up with a piece of faded red riband, the dates of which proved chronologically that the paper had been made full twenty years ago, all of them written in a neat masculine hand, like that of a school usher, & dated as many years back, to look very particularly at and sigh over a little morsel of sandy hair, to stroke her favourite pussy for the last time, and then to take her clogs, her reticule, and her umbrella—to look at an old summer-house—to gather two or three leaves from an old tree—and then to pass through those inhospitable doors into the wide, wide, bleak and cold world alone—alone.

There are some hearts like some vegetables—they take root any where, no matter how unfavorable the soil, or how blighting the atmosphere. Thus it was with the little old maid. In spite of derision, and scorn, and buffeting, her feelings had grown to the inanimate stone walls that surrounded her, simply because they had nothing else to cling to—and if the mere impulse of a loving nature could thus attach her to repelling and repulsive objects, how tenderly might she have loved what was really loveable! Poor Fanny Carr, with the liberal large, and inexhaustible sum of some where about five shillings in her pocket looked mentally round for a shelter for her head, and having bethought herself of one of Mrs. Pokenham's discarded servants, who had married and settled, determined upon seeking shelter there.

In a little cottage by the road side, as clean as those dear cottages of England ever are, with a neatly trimmed garden without, luxuriant in summer blossomings, and with the whitest curtains within, and the reddest of red floors, and the brightest of round tables, and the most resplendent of fire places, sat the little old maid, dressed as neatly as if fairy hands had been her trie woman, and working at her needle as blithely as birds performing their daily task of singing. What though her five shillings was very nearly exhausted, she could earn very near sixpence a day, and that was independence, and independence was happiness.

There came a great dust whilst the little old maid was thus delving for happiness and sixpence a day, and a noise of carriage-wheels—and looking up to see what might be coming, she saw a plain, respectable, grave, steady, brown-visaged carriage and pair, with a coachman in a brown livery before, and a servant in brown livery seated in the box behind, and lo! behold it stopped at the very cottage-door where she was working—and so the little old maid jumped up, and threw down her cotton and her scissors, and hastened to tell them that it was all a mistake, when, to her particular astonishment, she saw deaf uncle Jeffrey, getting down the steps, and walking across the garden, and coming in at the door. And having gone thus far, the deaf gentleman took hold of her diminutive hand in his great gigantic paw, and gave it a squeeze, which almost made the little old maid cry out, which, however, she did not do, for ladies of all sizes very seldom cry out at a squeeze of the hand, generally bearing that sort of pain very philosophically, and then uncle Jeffrey proceeded to draw one of the brightly-rubbed wooden-bottomed chairs to himself, for his own particular use, and to sit down upon it close to the little old maid,

'I hope you are well, Mr. Jeffrey, shouted the little old maid—'it is very kind of you to come and see me. I hope you are well.'

'Quite well, thank you,' replied uncle Jeffrey, and now tell me what you think has brought me to see you?'

'Perhaps,' said the little old maid, coloring slightly with the remains of well whipped, well worn down, well subdued pride, 'perhaps you wanted me to do some plain work for you, Mr. Jeffrey. I am taking in plain work.'

'You need not speak so loud, my dear,' said deaf uncle Jeff—'you know you will tire yourself—you will exhaust yourself.'

'O Mr. Jeffrey!' said the little old maid, the tears rushing into her eyes. 'O Mr. Jeffery, pray believe that I never complained, or never even felt in a trouble to talk to you. Indeed I did not! I don't know how soon I may be afflicted myself.'

Uncle Jeffery took poor Fanny's hand and gave it another squeeze that almost threatened it with compression. 'I know you did not. Yet nevertheless you must not speak so lond.'

'But you have not got your ear-horn,' said Fanny Carr, persisting in shouting lest her visitor should think that she grudged the trouble, 'but you have not your ear, horn.'

'But you know that I always told you that I was not deaf.

The little old maid looked perplexed.

'But you never believed me, was that it?'

The little old maid colored crimson, but she could not deny it.

'Well then, it I were deaf, I am better.'

'I am glad of it, with all my heart, said the little old maid, 'for it must be a miserable thing not to hear a word that is said to us.'

'Yet sometimes it is better not to hear what is said to us,' replied uncle Jeffrey.

The little old maid colored deeply. She remembered too well all that had been said of him and before him

'But do you know that I had, even when I was at the worst, quite hearing enough to know how kind you were to me, and how amiable to everybody else.

'O, you are too good to think so,' said the little old maid with a blush.

(*To be continued.*)

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

INCREASE OF EXPENDITURES—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In 1832 there were only six regular clerks in the House [exclusive of the principal clerk, and his chief] at $1.500 per annum $9,000 00

In 1838 the regular clerks [exclusively as above] were increased to ten at $1,500 15,000 00

Blue Book.

Making an excess for *regular* clerks in six years, of $6,000 p. ann

This sum would have pensioned a dozen or more revolutionary widows, and yet the *demure. saving* Col. Benton says "Pensions are a great drain upon the treasury." He wants the money for the extras to vote for him for the Presidency.

Every one of brains can see that, as in the *library case*, this number of regular clerks was not added because the business of Congress required it, but because of the reckless principles of the government, with a view of buying power, and because members wanted to play the clever fellow toward their party, we presume. Alas! what a mistake!

But of all the shameless and barefaced abuses of power perpetrated by any body of men, in any country, or any age, either monarchial or republican—the *extra clerks* exceeds.

In 1832 this thing was unknown so far as we recollect. Members did their own writing in committees, and took care that the regular clerks performed their duty.

From the report of the Contingent Fund of the House of Representatives for the last session of 1838, and part of 3d session,

Clerk hire, September,	.	$120 00
do October,	.	124 00
do November,	.	120 00
do December,	.	124 00
clerk to Com. on Claims	.	348 00
do do	.	375 00
recording	.	84 00
do	.	120 00
do	.	196 00
Clerk to Com. on In. Affairs,	.	196 00
do to Select Com.	.	296 25
do to Com. on Pub. Lands	.	386 00
Revolutionary Documents	.	200 00
Copying	.	300 00
Clerk to Com. on Defaulters	.	462 38
do to Smithsonian	.	38 00
do to Com: on Foundries	.	120 00
do to Com on Printing	.	88 00
Clerk hire	.	88 00
do	.	120 00
Clerk to Com: Claims, April 1	.	375 00
do July 1	.	375 00
do Oct 1	.	375 00
Recording	.	120 00
Copying	.	5 00
Clerk hire	.	60 00
do	.	60 00
do	.	264 00
Recording	.	546 70
Amounting to		$5.990 38

And this for the short session of 25th Congress, and part of the called session by President Van Buren. The 26th Congress is in the same proportion.

Here is an increase of expence for compensation to regular and extra clerks from 1832 to 1838 of . . . $11,909 00

How many aged widows this sum would have made happy and comfortable? It is but a drop in the ocean, to be sure, as we shall show before we are done, yet it makes an item in the whole amount of the money squandered during the late administration.

The Globe asserts that it is the extravagance of the Whigs that has brought the country in debt, the Whig editors merely deny the charge. Why do they not produce facts? assertions amount to nothing, no way—facts are the only convincing arguments.

MESSENGERS.

In 1832 there were *eight* Messengers in the House, viz—Messrs. Barton, Berry, Hurdle, Follansby, [now door-keeper), Parsons, George, Thomas, and black George, a gentleman of color—the wages not known.

In 1838, and up to this date, for aught we know, they have increased to twenty-two!! This shows like subduing the people by office holders. This is the BENTON policy.

When we reflect that not only in Congress, but the navy yards, arsenals, and whereever public work, or public business is carried on, or rather under that pretence, in every corner of the country, the proportion of men employed in proportion to the work to be done, at the lowest calculation, is one-half, in most instances it is two thirds, (as we shall show) and all paid, work or play. Does this not look like buying up votes for the Presidency, or some other thing which is to render the government independent of the people? If it be not, then what is it for? What does it mean? "O, but Congress did this." True, but not a Whig Congress. It was a government Congress. Government furnished office-holders, and office-holders furnished him with a party in Congress, and had the treasury not give out, the party would still have been in.

But to return to the increase of messengers, from eight to twenty-two in six years! Let us have the facts. These are the men Messrs. Jno. *C. Burch*, Wm. Cooper, Wm. W. Stewart, S D. Fletcher, Stephen Cutts, Stephen D. Wallace, John Humes, Wm. Sweeney, Bernard Parsons, Charles W. Steward, John Wheat, Wm. T. Stewart, Daniel Ross, E. D. Gumser, Jno. R. Queen, Thomas Wallace, Jos. R. Beck, Abm. B. Lindsley, Jos. W Beck, Wm. Magill, Thos. Chaney, David Moore.

One of these have died since—two have returned to their homes, or perhaps received more lucrative offices. But their places are now filled by *four*—Messrs. *Gettings, McPike, Low*, and *Clemons*.

All these at from $60 to $77 per month, and $250 at the end of the session. Did the Whigs do this? Say, Messrs. GLOBE and KENDALL? We do not exempt the Whigs from blame—some of their "doings" are censurable, but so far they are clear of this sin, and never, while we have the care of a press, will we look on in silence at an attempt by any party to fix the faults of the guilty upon the innocent. Nor should we have ripped up those old wounds again, had it not been for the bare-faced effrontery of the "heaven-born Amoss" in openly accusing the present Congress of extravagance in his paper called the "*Union Democrat*." He has the following:

"This does not suit *orthodox Whigism* which not only seeks to enlarge the Public Expenditures, but to save the Land Money for distribution among the States even if the Government have to borrow in consequence! Rallying its forces in the Senate, it has therefore struck out Mr. Gilmer's proviso, so that the bill now authorizes the issue of $5,000,000 in Treasury Notes, IN ADDITION to the $12 000,000 loan? If the House concur, we shall see a Whig Congress, not yet a year in existence, sanctioning a Public Debt of SEVENTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, over ELEVEN MILLIONS of which will be caused by their own expenditures over their income subsequent to the 4th of March, 1841!"

Mark the subtlety. Endeavoring to urge the belief that the twelve million loan is actually made. "Eleven million of dollars, which will be caused by their [own expenditures," &c. This is going far in advance, but what are the facts? The twelve million loan is *not* loaned—the eleven million is not expended. He has allusion to the debts left by the late administration, perhaps, [for we have not seen the treasury report] and chiefly to the funeral expences of Gen. Harrison, and the donation to his widow, which is worm wood to Amos. He was never guilty of generosity to widows—his generosity was confined to himself and his family. But what has all this to do with the extravagance we are speaking of. How does the anticipated extravagant expenditures of the Whig Congress justify the extravagance of the gentleman and his party? Not at all. Let every tub stand upon its own bottom—let the Whigs [so called] have a fair trial. It is contrary to the laws of the land to condemn a man—or set of men, without a fair trial. The Democrats have been tried twelve years—let the Whigs have the same trial. But neither Whigs nor Democrats ought to be judged by their enemies—let them be judged, as the Scripture says "by their works."

But the land bill kills Amos—the receivers were such sterling boys to electioneer—plenty of the needful—this was a death blow to the Expunger. But we waste time.

In justice, it is due to the true Democrats—say of the Jefferson school—all the land-mark we have left—had it not been for certain fiends in human shape, who beguiled Gen. Jackson, and abused his ear—the country would now have been prosperous and happy! Indeed, such extravagance was unknown from the commencement of the government, until the editors of the Globe—[of whom there were many officers of the government—so sly as it was kept] and Mr. AMOS KENDALL got footing at the white house, who, with their secret head, Col. Benton, took the trouble of managing public affairs off of Gen. Jackson's hands, while he, good easy soul, took them to be the most sterling men in the country. The result is known—*they* furnished recommendations, and the President furnished offices and agents, sufficient to elect members to Congress, who favored their politics, but ignorant of their scheme. But at length President Jackson grew tired, and one Dr. Bradford, of Warrenton, Va. took the management, and from that day was commander-in-chief of the ball rolling forces, prime minister, President, chief architect, cabinet and all, until Gen. Harrison was elected, and had the treasury not gave out, he still had been in power.

O. DE A. SANTANGELO.

It is truly gratifying to every benevolent heart, that this illustrious foreigner, [by birth and title]—who sacrificed wealth and honors for the sake of liberty, is at length about to receive justice. The memorial now before the Board of Commissioners, drawn up by our distinguished countryman, David Hoffman, of *Baltimore*, is a clear and powerful appeal From the pamphlet containing it we copy the following—

[TRANSLATION.]

The undersigned, Consul General of the Kingdom of the Two-Sicilies, certifies that Signor Orazio de Attellis, Marquis of Santangelo, belongs to one of the most distinguished, illustrious, and noble families of the Kingdom—that he is there personally esteemed and valued for his talents—and that, concerned in the political affairs of 1821, he was obliged to depart from the country after the fall of the Constitutional system there published—but, since 1836, by a Royal Decree, he has been enabled to return to the kingdom, where, at his good convenience, he may enjoy a tranquil life, among a numerous circle of friends and relatives, accustomed through many years to admire the good qualities of one thus endowed.

Given at New-York, in the Chancery of the Consul General of the Kingdom, of the Two-Sicilies, January 5th, 1842.

The Consul General,

[SEAL.] CHEV. R. MARTUSCELLI.

MISSIONARIES AT HOME.

The following must be joyful news to the true Christian, and the friends of virtue.

We trust and pray that our country is about to be delivered from that hidious monster of iniquity, *money religion*.

☞ FREE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSION CHURCH.—The Rev. John French, having accepted from the City Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the appointment of Missionary for the City of Washington, hereafter divine service will be regularly held at the Apollo *Hall*, Pennsylvania avenue, where the seats are free to the public.

Connected with the mission, and at the same place, previous to the morning service, is also established a SUNDAY SCHOOL, which is open alike to all children, whose parents or guardians may feel a desire to secure for them its benefits.

Visits of the Missionary to the sick and destitute, through whom their necessities may be made known, can be secured by notifying him at the Hall on Sunday, (his residence being, for the present, at Georgetown,) or leaving the name, during the week, with Mr. C. H. James, Druggist, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, or at the bookstore of W. M. Morrison, near Brown's Hotel. *By* order W. P. E. M. S.

ANECDOTE OF DR. HUMM.—The Doctor was sent for at one time to attend to an unfortunate thief, who, in helping himself from a neighbor's wood pile, had been tripped up by a line attached to a spring gun, which gun thereupon went off, wounding the prostrate rogue very sadly. 'It was a very remarkable case,' said the doctor, and I think the only one on record of a man's coming so near losing his life by a trip to the springs.'—[*Boston Post*.

EX.—A bar room lawyer yesterday managed to corner himself in among a crowd of gay fellows, one of whom was standing treat. The gentleman treating, however, though rough, was by no means so raw as the spunger expected.

'Your name, now, I think is—hey? said the gentleman to the lounger.

'Yes sir, you know,' replied the loafer—'you remember me—Spencer.'

'Ah yes—your name is Spencer."

'Spencer—yes.'

'Well. I don't know you, sir, and I wouldn't know you sir—and allow me to tell you sir, that just now you are an ex-Spence—sir!'—[Pic.

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horse man made demonstration of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—

'Don't be in a hurry deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning.'

'Thank you kindly,' said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount, with all the deliberation becoming a deacon. 'I don't care if I do.'

'Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon,' said the wag, I merely asked for information. We havn't a drop in the house.'

'Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?'

'Well' I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs.'

'Pooh, nonsense—tell right out, Jane—which do you like best?'

'Well, [blushing and rubbing her eyes] I like you [u] the best.'

'I'll tell you wat, Sam, I had a monstrous 'spute wid massa dis mornin' down in de cotton patch:'

'You don't ses so, Cesar! wat you spute wid massa?'

'Yes I tell you for one hour, we 'spute to gedder, down in de cotton patch.'

'Wa wa, wat you 'spute about?"

'Why you see Sam, massa come down dar war I was hoen, an massa, he say squash grow best on sandy ground, and I say so too—and dar we 'spute about it for more 'en two hour!'

'My lor."

'Sambo, are you willing to be damned, if it be the Lord's will! inquired a master of his servant. 'O, yes, Massa, and more too. I am willing to have you damned too.

POETRY.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

AIR—'SOME LOVE TO ROAM.'

A bold brave crew, and an ocean blue,
And a ship that loves the blast,
With a good wind piping merrily,
In the tall and gallant mast
Ha! ha! my boys,
These are the joys
Of the noble and the brave;
Who love a life
In the tempest's strife.
And a home on the mountain waves!

When the driving rain of the hurricane,
Puts the light of the light-house out,
And the growling thunder sound is going
On the whirlwind's battle rout,
Ha? ha? do you think
That the valiant shrink?
No! no! we are bold and brave!
And we love to fight,
In the wild midnight,
With the storm on the mountain wave?

Breezes that die where the green woods sigh.
To the landsmen sweet may be.
But give to the brave the broad-becked wave,
And the tempest's midnight glee?
Ha? ha? the blast,
And the rocking mast,
And the sea wind brisk and cold,
And the thunder's jar,
On the seas afar,
Are the things that suit the bold?

The timbers creak, the sea-birds shriek,
There's lightning on the blast?
Hard to the leeward, mariners!
For the storm is gathering fast!
Ha! ha! to-night,
Boys, we must fight,
But the winds which o'er us yell.
Shall never scare
The mariner,
In his winged citadel?

Dan Marble is in town, and went on Wednesday evening to the opera. By mistake, he got into the editor's box, and after bestowing himself very comfortable on some three or four chairs, he happened to cast up his eyes to the placard on the wall—"This box is for editors of newspapers—only." Dan studied a moment, and made a motion towards, the door—but recollecting himself, resumed his seat, quietly remarking, 'Wal, I spose I am only—that must mean me—and I guess I might as well stay.' Dan is a critter!—Lou. *American.*

A quack in Boston visiting his patient one morning, was accosted thus—the patient says, 'Doctor pray what is it that keeps a person's meat and drink apart in his stomach?' 'I'll tell you,' says the Quack, 'in every person's throat there are two pipes and a clapper—now when we go to drink, that clapper shuts the meat pipe—and when we go to eat, that clapper shuts the drink pipe.—The patient says, 'well doctor that clapper must play d—nd sharp when we eat pudding and *milk*!'

DEPATEHES FOR MEXICO.

It gives us great pleasure to be enabled to state that the United States government has lost no time in taking measure to demand the release of the American citizens, captured by the Mexicans with the *Texan* Santa Fe Expedition. Mr. D. *K.* McRae, bearer of despatches from President Tyler to Judge *Ellis*, the American Minister Mexico, arrived in this city yesterday from Washington.

We are much gratified to learn that the instructions to Mr. Ellis are to demand peremptorily the immediate release of Mr. Kendall and young Coombs, and a young man by the name of Howard, belonging to the District of Columbia, and likewise of such others as have proof of American citizenship. Mr. Ellis is also directed to interfere in behalf of the Texans. This energetic action on the part of our government is highly commendable.

Mr. McRae will probably proceed on his journey this morning, in the revenue cutter provided by the collector of this port, in compliance with the request of the State Department. We trust that he will speedily reach the Mexican capital, and that the interference of the American Minister will be fully successful.

The Hingham [Mass.] Patriot says there is a meeting house in that town, which was raised in July, 1681, and is therefore 160 years old. Its frame is of white oak, and still perfectly sound.

NEW GROCERY.

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that he has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store, and latterly by the office of the Native American, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Grocery line.

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☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street, and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

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Pennsylvania Avenue,
NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL,
WASHINGTON.

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Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,
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His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840

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PROPOSALS
FOR
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This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary vidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without oppressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle, 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing-Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon, Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod, Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes, Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectarians to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland, than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the utmost value.

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Repairing done as usual.

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He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory AND *UPHOLSTER*

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate, will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

Gentlemen wishing to exchange their old furniture can give us a call.
Attended to.

Cabinet Maker, Printer's Joandier, and undertaker.

The subscriber informs the public that he is now about to commence in the various branches of his business at his stand, near 7th street, between E and F streets, formerly occupied by Nathan Smith. He will make to order all kinds of CABINET WORK, at the shortest notice PRINTER'S FURNITURE of every description made to order, and a portion will be kept on hand to suit the patterns of Intelligencer and Globe. He will attend at FUNERALS, as usual, in the city or country, at the shortest notice. Long experience in the business, directs him to adopt the northern custom of keeping coffins ready made on hand, with Shrouds, Sheets, and every thing necessary for immediate interment, in case of plague and sudden death. Two first rate Hearses always in readiness to attend in this city or in the country.

june 15 PETER CALLAN.

PHILADELPHIA TYPE FOUNDRY JOHNSON & SMITH, No. 16 George street, [between 6th and 7th,] keep constantly on hand type, Presses, Printing Ink, and Printing Materials of every description.

The following are the prices of Printing Types, at six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 7 1-2 per cent for cash.

TALI			
		Double G. Prim	
		Double Paragon	38
Pearl		Canon	38
Nonpareil	3 !	Four line Pica	34
Minion	75	Fiveline Pica	32
Brevier	66	Six line Pica	34
Bourgeois	38	Most of the	
Long Primer	34 (	Six line Pica	
Pica	43	and larger, are	
English	38	cut on wood,	
Great Primer	38	and are from	
Jaragon	38	5 to 37 1-2 Cts	
Double Pica	38	per letter.	
Double English	38		

INDIAN RESTORATIVE

For Restorig and Promoting the Growth Hair.

THIS article not only promotes the Growth of Hair, but makes it soft and pliable. It prevents its falling off, and affords effectual nourishment to the Roots, restores it to its natural color, improves the beauty, and gradually changes light or red hair, to that of a brown or black. It also removes Dandruff, prevents baldness, and so extremely pleasant to use, that parents will find it of great advantage in cleaning children's heads; (as it is of great benefit to the health,) and is far superior to to other Restoratives, Balsams or Oils—and particularly in cases of Fever, when the hair begins to fall off. There has never been any thing so effectual as the 'Indian Restorative.'

To be had Wholesale and Retail of Charles Stott, corner of 7th street and Penn. Av. Washington City, D. C.

In Baltimore by Dr. A. Pena, No. 2 ninth street.

CONDITIONS.

1. One thousand copies only will be printed.

2. The paper and print will both be excellent.

3. It will be issued in weekly parts twelve and a-half cents each part payable on delivery.

4. The number of parts it will cannot be ascertained with accuracy at present, but should it exceed eight the overplus will be given gratis.

THORPE'S VEGETABLE ANTI BILIOUS PILLS. A sovereign remedy in cases of Bilious Indigestion, or Sick Stomach; Dyspepsia, such as loss of Appetite; Nausea, or Sickness at the Stomach Costiveness; Languid lowness of Spirits, Giddiness; Palpitation of the Heart

For cleansing the stomach and removing the bile they stand unrivalled; they are but excellent preventative of at disorder originating from a foul stomach.

They are mild in their action, and purge but little, and are an excellent purifier of the blood.

N. B. These Pills contain no Mercury whatever, and may be taken without regard to diet and exposure.

For sale by J & W Young, jr. Charles Stott, corner of 7th and the avenue; H Wade on 7th street: and by C & J Bardella, corner of 12th street and the avenue Washington City,

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